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THE
BURNING
O F
LONDON
BY THE
PAPISTS:
OR,
A Memorial to PROTESTANTS
on the Second of September.

*Sed Furor Papisticus qui tam Dira
Patravit nondum restinguitur.*

Inscript. on the Monument.

L O N D O N

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A
MEMORIAL
 FOR THE
^{2^d of September.}



PON this Day, in the Year 1666, our great City was in Flames, *our Glory laid in the Dust. How did the Lord cover the Daughter of Zion with a Cloud, and cast down from Heaven to Earth the Beauty of Israel, and remember'd not His Footstool in the Day of His Anger! Her Ramparts and Walls lamented and languish'd, her Gates were sunk to the Ground, and her Bars destroy'd.*

The Resurrection of our City, like a Phoenix, from its own Ashes to new Glory, Wealth, and Grandeur, has in some measure alter'd the Property of this Day; but then, it has added to the Memorableness of it, by so many degrees of Obligation, as there are of Advantage to our City in the Beauty of its Restoration.

Can the unexpected Goodness of Providence be a Reason against its being acknowledg'd ? Is it possible that the Ruin of this Day should be less worthy of Observation, because it was not compleat and irretrievable ? It has indeed prov'd the Occasion of New Glory and Splendour, what our Enemies design'd to be its total Destruction ; but how comes a Day to be the less remarkable for having one of the greatest Blessings, and one of the greatest Judgments, on a City that can be, joyn'd together in the Observation of it ?

Have we indeed no more to do with a Judgment when we are pretty well recover'd of it ? Then let the Mercy take possession of the Day : But neither one nor t'other ought entirely to take up this Day ; the Affections, Devotion, and Language of it ought to be of a mixt nature, as at the founding Zerubbabel's Temple, Weeping and Joy went up together, aloud, but with this difference here, that the oldest Men now that remember the Ancient Buildings, may exceed in Joy to behold the New.

Besides, our Enemies, the Authors of this Day's Calamity, will not suffer us to forget it. They who before set our City on fire, are now as busie to set the Citi-

Citizens themselves on fire one against another : They insinuate the Sufferers themselves to be the Criminals, and labour to transfer the horrid Guilt upon the *Protestants*. Fatal Effect of Englishmens foolish Animosity ! that can yield the least imaginable Hope to a lurking *Jesuite* or *Priest*, whose Pen and Ink is now imploy'd to much the same Purposes as their Fire-balls of old ; the least imaginable Hope, I say, of any Success in so preposterous an Attempt.

We find our Religion, our Liberties, our Lives and Beings, and all that renders them comfortable, are not irrecoverably buried in the Dust and Rubbish of an overwhelm'd City, and shall we not once in a Year solemnly say over them, *Are they not as Brands pluck'd out of the Burning?* Do they not all wear this Inscription ? Surely GOD was angry, that He should come down among us as a *Consuming Fire*, or suffer others, as his Instruments, to kindle it upon us ; since *He does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the Children of Men.*

The Restoration of our happy Constitution, a little before, was a Blessing that deserv'd a better Improvement than the Nation made of it; the Prophaneness and Debauchery that came
in

in along with it, like a Flood, was like sacrificing to the Devil, for a Mercy they acknowledg'd to come from GOD. The Sins of *Sodom* would go but a little way in our Catalogue, *Pride, Idleness, and fulness of Bread.* Our List would reach down to all the wanton and enormous Consequences of those. Under pretence of standing clear of the Hypocrisie charged upon the former Times, Religion must not be so much as pretended to, and so Men grew wicked as it were upon Principle, and to be in fashion.

The Judgments of GOD could not be far off from such a People; *Plague, Pestilence, and Sword* had gone before, and next comes the *Fire.*

And yet, not Fire and Brimstone; not immediately out of Heaven from the Lord; not such as destroy'd all at once, and turn'd the Place of our City into a Lake like that of *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*, but a gradual and spreading Flame: **Fire**, the proper Emblem of the Divine Wrath! a **Fire** that turn'd our City into a Dunghill, our Habitations into Rubbish, our Estates into Poverty and Beggary, our Affairs and Trade, for a time, into Confusion and general Distraction.

To find the Actors, or Instruments, whom GOD permitted to perpetrate so great

great a Villany, we must enquire (as *Cicero* did with respect to *Cataline's Plot*) for whose Benefit and Advantage could it be, to have the trading, industrious, most Protestant Part of a Nation so humbled and brought low, to have the *Protestant Interest* receive so great a Blow? Who were most industrious to enquire into, and detect, this Branch of the Plot? Who were most offended and uneasy at the Diligence us'd that way? Who prophecy'd of it before it was done? Who gain'd, or who suffer'd most in the Calamity, and rejoyc'd over it? Who order'd the Inscription of it to be struck out of the Monument? and, Who put it in again?

These Queries lead us directly to the Emissaries of *France* and *Rome*, our hereditary Enemies, *Sons of Violence* by Principle, and in Practice the *Underworkers to Apollyon the Destroyer*, in all the Arts of Ruin and Devastation.

Immediately after the Fire, upon the 18th of the same Month, the Parliament met, and a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to enquire into the Causes of it: The Informations receiv'd by that Committee are printed. Upon the 8th of *February* following, that Parliament was prorogued, and not suffer'd to give their Judgment upon Sir *Robert*

bert Brooks's Report, Chairman of that Committee.

The Words of the Lord Chancellor Nottingham, and High-Steward, when he pronounc'd Sentence upon the Lord Stafford, are memorable:

Doth any Man now begin to doubt how London came to be burnt? Or by what Hands or Means poor Justice Godfrey fell? And is it not apparent, by those Instances, that such is the frantic Zeal of some bigotted Papists, that they resolve no Means to advance the Catholic Cause shall be left unattempted, tho' it be by Fire and Sword.

To which I will add the Inscription upon the Monument:

This Pillar was set up in perpetual Remembrance of that most dreadful Burning of this Protestant City, begun and carried on by the Treachery and Malice of the POPISH FACTION, in the beginning of September, in the Year of Our Lord 1666, in order to the carrying on that Horrid Plot for extirpating the Protestant Religion, and old English Liberty, and the introducing Popery and Slavery.

And after a Description of the whole Progress of the Fire, and how 'twas at last extinguish'd, these Words are added:

Sed

*Sed Furor Papisticus qui tam Dira
Patravit nondum restinguitur.*

The Fire went out, but the same Popish Fury that acted so direful a Part, rages as much as ever.

Unhappiest of all Religions, Popery! that will spoil a good Nature, and make terrible work where it meets with a bad one; where Inclination to Mischief meets with Principles calculated for the most savage, and the wildest of Actions.

When we consider how deep that Plot was laid, of which this Day's Tragedy was but one Branch; the other Branches were, the killing the King, subverting the Government, massacreing the Inhabitants, and setting a Prince of their Religion upon the Throne; when we consider, I say, how cunningly 'twas carried on, how dextrously 'twas counterplotted, perplex'd, involv'd, all the Artifices of Disguise, for which they are so famous, exerted, to falsify the Scent, and derive upon others the Odium of their Guilt; and that these very Methods have also themselves help'd to detect the true Authors; we have Reason to say of this Day as the *Israelites* of their *Exodus*, or the *Jews* of their *Purim*, that 'tis a Day much to be remember'd.

The Time and Season of it too was remarkable; falling in with so many other Judgments.

We were at War with two of our Neighbour-Nations at once, the *Dutch* and *French*: Wars that multiply'd Widows and Fatherless, encreas'd our Poor, exhausted our Treasures; and at such a time to have the great Magazine of our Stores, and Spring of our Supplies, laid waste and cut off!

A little before that, we suffer'd a very dreadful Plague, when G O D pour'd out his Vial into the Air, and made the Vehicle of Life become the Instrument of Death; when Men were afraid of the *Terror by Night, and of the unseen Arrow that flies by Day; the Pestilence that walketh in Darkness, and the Destruction that wasteth at Noon-day;* when Thousands fell on the one side, and Ten thousand on the other, to the number of above an Hundred thousand that went down to the Grave. Yet his Anger was not turn'd away, but his Hand was stretched out still; for, the very next Year, our G O D was a *Consuming Fire*: He walk'd thro' us in his Anger, and burnt up our City like Stubble. As the Plague before had swept away the Inhabitants, the Fire came and consum'd the Habitations: As the Plague before had crowded

crouded the Graves, the Fire comes, and turns a whole City into one common Grave, and all our delightful Structures are laid in ruinous Heaps.

GOD overthrew their Houses, wherein they had liv'd too much as *without GOD in the World*; their Temples, wherein with too much Formality and Coldness they were wont to worship; and their publick Halls, wherein, by unmanly Excesses, they had drown'd the Remembrance of GOD and themselves, did eat and drink, and curse GOD, and that not *in their Hearts only*.

Its beginning a little after Midnight, or on *Sunday Morning*, the time of a dead Sleep, after the Labours of the Week, must needs add to the Alarm.

Its Progress was with that Rage and Fury, driven on with the Wind in some places, and carried on quite contrary to the Wind in others, that Fire meeting Fire, and joyning together, it would march on one way, as a main Body, and at the same time send Detachments another way; till, like a fiery Deluge, it swell'd by Opposition, and roar'd like the Waves of the Sea, that some who were Spectators think they can never say enough to express the Terror it carried with it, both to the Ear and to the Eye.

The Heat at length became so intolerable, that there was no coming near enough to be of any use; the Noise frightful; the crackling of Timber, falling Roofs, flying Tiles, a dismal Smoak, a continual body of ascending Flame, of so wide a spread! the Uproar and Hurry of People, some to save, some to get, some to help, some to hinder, some to steal; the confus'd Cries of the Multitude for Water, Carts, Losses, Danger; the frightened, the undone, must all together make a dismal Scene!

All Attempts were at length quite baffled, all Endeavours wearied out, given over; Hope, Strength, Breath gone, they let it take its course, and stood still, to see when the greedy Element would satiate its self; or rather, when that GOD, to whose Word the Waves of the other Element obey, would be pleas'd to fay to the Fury of this, *Hitherto shall you go, and no farther.*

All that remain'd was, for the poor Sufferers to flee from their burning Habitations, like Lot and his Family, and to look back upon the spreading Ruine; as here it was not unlawful to do, tho' almost as stupifying, to see themselves, that were rich a Day before, now poor; and liv'd delicately, in fine Habitations and

and Accommodations, now destitute of all; that were in a plentiful Trade, now burnt out, and uncertain of the Means of Life for them and theirs.

Thus did our GOD come down; *Clouds and Darkness were round about Him, there went up a Smoak from His Nostrils, Fire out of His Mouth devour'd, devouring Coats were at His Feet, at His Presence the Hills melted, even Cities and Nations vanish, and are no more.*

In a small space of time that City which could rival the greatest in the World, was reduc'd to an heap of Dust and Ashes, 373 Acres laid waste within the Walls, 62 without; 30300 Houses burnt, and the whole Loss computed at 9900000 l.

The Lord hath accomplish'd his Fury, He hath Lam. 4. poured out his fierce Anger, and hath kindled a Fire in Zion, and devour'd the Foundations thereof. Our Zion lay in Ashes, and Jerusalem in the Dust; and as the Historian L. Florus, lib. says of Samnium, after it was overthrown, so you might have sought for London in the midst of London. Babylon only rejoyc'd, and our Enemies said, Ah ha! so would we have it.

In the midst of this Judgment GOD remember'd Mercy.

The People were not destroy'd, but were as Brands pluckt out of the Fire; fewer Per-

Persons burnt than in some private Fires. But what I chiefly mean, is, that intestine Fire and Sword did not go abreast. 'Twas a Mercy that they who fled from the Fire did not fall by the Sword, that *the Remainder of Wrath was restrain'd*. From the Knowledg we have of the Complexion and Desiguis of the Actors, we cannot but conclude this to be a Disappointment to them. Certainly they who rejoice to burn Protestants in Smithfield, would have been as glad to have burnt 'em in their own Houses: They that are so fond of Fire, and deal so much in it, shall have enough of it at last, if we apply right that in Rev. 17. 16. *They shall hate the Whore, and burn her Flesh with Fire.*

We are told by one who was let into
• Bedlo's all their Secrets while of that Party *, and
Narrative,
Pref. who, with respect to the firing of London,
was a considerable Manager, That it was
a Maxim among the Jesuites, that till the
City was ruin'd, or brought low, 'twas impossi-
ble but all their Attempts upon this Nation
must prove abortive. Hence all the At-
tempts on its Prosperity and its Trade that
have ever been made. And considering
the many Designs form'd against it, what
a senfe of the Mercy of Providence should
our Preservations give us! and with how
thankful a Spirit should we mention the
next

next thing I am to take notice of, *viz.*
The Resurrection of this City to a more glorious condition, and a more noble form, more elegant to the View, more secure from any Attempts of the like nature: not so much as the Scars of the old burning Ruins to disgrace the Publick, however some Private Persons may yet feel the Effects of that Devastation. The old Buildings that remain do not only now shew us where it was the Fire stopt, and that by no visible Hand, for the Flames had full liberty to go on, as they had already overcome all opposition; but withal they show the difference between *Old* and *New London*: They show, that in this Resurrection of our City, like that of our Bodies, the Qualities are so much alter'd, that we may reckon this Day's Desolation to be to our City what Death is to our Bodies, the putting off its former Inconveniences, Weakness, and Deformity, to arise with greater Glory, Strength, and Perfection.

And that in so little a time, which was as wonderful as the Judgment was terrible; that, in Three Years time, we should be able to finish what was suppos'd to be the Work of an Age; nay, which was almost despair'd of being ever accomplish'd.

GOD has given it *Beauty* for *Ashes*; and for Walls and Bulwarks, may his Salvation

alway

alway surround the City of our Assemblies. As *Brands pluck'd out of the Fire* we of this Nation have been, in many respects, since this Dreadful Day. We have been deliver'd from the same Adversaries by the late *Happy Revolution*, a later Mercy, without which it would have been very much in vain that we had surviv'd the former: We should have been preserv'd only to prove, that there could come a Time wherein we could be more miserable than any of the former Judgments could make us; we had been as *Brands pluck'd out of one Fire* only to be consum'd in another.

This Proverbial Speech of a *Brand pluckt out of the Burning*, can never be better apply'd than to these Deliverances, as it signifies both the *Nearness* of our Danger, and the *Suddenness* of the Rescue.

The *Nearness of the Danger*, as a Brand in the Burning is near consuming.

Our Laws were all null and void at once by a Dispensing Power and an Arbitrary Prerogative, utterly unakin to our Crown. Our Liberties, which had no other subsistence than what the Laws gave 'em, were expiring with them. Our Parliaments would have been but as so many Images, to be acted at their Will and Pleasure who held the Wires. Our Religion was

was the Thing devoted to Extirpation ; our Lives and Properties we once apprehended to be of no longer duration than till the Word was given to fall on. *Arise Peter, kill and eat,* would (no doubt) have been easily prov'd a Part of St. Peter's Commission, and was a Text that would as well demonstrate the *Divine Right* of massacring in S. Peter's Successors, as some others are made use of, to shew the Divine Right of Tyranny in the State. *To thee I give the Keys, &c.* was said upon Earth, and is a meer Figurative Speech too, and capable of different fences, and yet how many fine Powers, Palaces, Rights, Prerogatives, Immunities, and Riches, how many bloody and barbarous Usurpations, have been interpreted out of those words? whereas the Text [*Arise Peter, kill and eat*] was pronounc'd from Heaven : And 'twas but expounding the *fourfooted Beasts and creeping things* to be Heretics and Schismatics, and nothing could have say'd us.

The grateful Surprise, and Suddenness of our Deliverance, as a Brand snatch'd out of the Burning,

When all was given up for lost, we would have been glad to have compounded for our Lives ; of a sudden the Scene was chang'd, so as we could hardly be-

lieve our own Eyes : *We were like those that dream'd when God turn'd the Captivity of Zion.* But to return to the Affair of this Day ; such a Review as this will afford us two or three serious Reflections.

1. The recollection of this Day teaches us *the folly of depending upon any thing in this Life ; of trusting to, and placing our Happiness in, any Condition of Comfort whatever in this World.*

How precarious are *private Estates*, when whole Cities can be destroy'd, and the Riches of a Nation *take to themselves Wings, and fly away !*

Cernimus Exemplis oppida posse mori.

An eminent Person, who was present to all the Calamity of that Day, represents the Sufferers thus lamenting : ‘ Oh ! that ‘ I had been as careful to lay up Treasures ‘ in Heaven, as I have been to lay ’em up ‘ here on Earth ! I had not then been un- ‘ der such Fears of losing my All, as I am ‘ now. If I had serv’d my GOD as faith- ‘ fully as I’ve serv’d the World, he would ‘ not leave me, and could not be taken a- ‘ way from me. Then you may imagin a Person turning his Eyes to the Fire, and the place where his House stood ; he sees the Flame and Smoak mingling, spread- ing, contending ; the one, to make it all Night,

Night ; the other, to make it more than Day, as the prodigious Blaze of the one, or the thickning Clouds of the other alternately prevail : And having lost the very Place where his own House stood,—‘ Alas, ‘ says he, how foolish is it to spend all our ‘ precious Time in gaining that only which ‘ we may lose in *one Hour* ! Surely ’tis ‘ worth while to secure that which can ‘ never be lost.— See how that noble Pile has fallen into the burning Ruins !— The Heat grows insufferable, the People are forc’d at a distance : —‘ Well, if none can ‘ come near the Heat of this Fire, which is ‘ but of such an extent, and can’t last al- ‘ ways, *who then can dwell with Everlasting Burnings* ? What Madness will it be to go ‘ on finning wilfully against that G O D ‘ *who is a Consuming Fire* ! Infinitely more dreadful than this, or any can possibly be ? This is call’d *the Dreadful Fire of London*, but ’tis not the unquenchable Fire of Hell. ‘ Tis yet a more *dreadful thing to fall into the Hands of a living GOD*.— The rattling Noise draws his Eyes to another Quarter ; and as he look’d on, down falls another stately Building, with a loud crash and dismal noise ; Smoak, Flame, Sparks and Dust in mix’d confusion ascend in triumph over the ruins and abasement of worldly Grandeur ; —‘ Farewell then, says he, ye de-

'ceitful Vanities ! by this Light I understand you and my self better, oh bewitching World ! than to fix my Happiness in thee any more : I will henceforth learn so much Wisdom, as to lay up my Treasures where neither *Rust*, nor *Thieves*, nor *Fire can break thro' and destroy.*

2. We should remember, GOD can do as much again at any time, if we provoke Him to it : The same Sins can bring the same Judgments. They are not our Brick Buildings, nor the magnificent stateliness of Streets, and our Insurance-Offices, that can be a Security against the enkindled

Nah. 1. Anger of GOD: *The Mountains quake at him, and the Hills melt, and the Earth is burnt at his Presence; yea, the World, and all that dwell therein. Who can stand before his Indignation? Who can abide in the fierceness of his Anger? When his Fury is pour'd out like Fire, the Rocks are thrown down by him.* The great Storm shook your Houses over you, and the late Earthquake shook the Ground under you, and either of these can make as quick work with your *Brick Houses*, as the Fire could do with those of *Wood*: Or, He can let your Houses stand, but remove you out of them by Plague, Pestilence, or Famine, or the Sword of an Enemy, in conjunction with the Treachery of false Friends. They are many Ways He has to destroy.

This

This Day is an Annual Admonition, *Sin no more, lest a worse thing comes unto you.* Can you ask me what can be worse than this dreadful Fire? Unless you forget how much that Fire left you, and how certain it is, that the Enemies I mean will leave you nothing at all.

G O D has dealt with this Nation by a wonderful Variety of Judgments: We have had *Civil Wars*, that have turn'd the Swords of this valiant Nation into each others Bowels: We have had a long continuance of *Foreign Wars*, which, tho' they have been a Judgment, as War must needs be, 'tis yet a Mercy they have been *foreign*. *Wafting Plagues* have turn'd our City into a *Golgotha*, and made almost every place a *Place of Skull*. The Fire has destroy'd our City, and the Enemy cry'd, *Raze it, raze it to the very Ground.* An *Earthquake* has threatned to *sling us out of the Earth*, and one half-minute more had done it. A *Storm of Wind* has made Ravage among our Ships, Houses, and Trees, with the loss of a great number of Useful Lives, when the *LORD had his Way in the Whirlwind, and in the Storm.* Of all these the Language is still the same, *Sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto you.* Why, you'll say, what can be worse than *Sword, Plague, Pestilence, Fire, Storms, and Earthquake?* I'll answer in

in the words of distressed Sampson, GOD's departing from us, and the Philistine coming upon us. If GOD should abandon us to the Consequences of our past Follies, and our present Infatuation, and give us into the power of them that hate our Religion and Liberties, the Miseries of this would be as much beyond all we have formerly felt, put together, as it can be better to fall into the Hands of GOD rather than Man, such Men whose tender Mercies are cruel. But,

3. Let us look back upon Past Judgments, so as to prevent Future ones.

It's a happy Commemoration indeed of former Sufferings that prevents the repetition of 'em ; we should never again feel what we so rightly remember. GOD will not suffer himself to be forgotten, and banish'd out of his own World, or ill treated in it, not always. If we are of the Temper of those *Lactantius* speaks of, who (*nunquam Dei meminerint nisi dum in malis sunt*) remember'd GOD no longer than his Hand was upon 'em, what must follow, but that our Memories be rub'd up by frequent Judgments, since those that are past are suffer'd to be forgotten? But is it not a much cheaper way to take our Lessons from old Judgments, than to draw down new ones? to obtain the benefit of a Judgment without the smart of it, and to

to grow religious, wise, and happy at the Cost of our Forefathers ? This would be the best Insurance to Houses that could be, and would include not only our Houses, but our Lives, our Souls, National Felicity, and Eternal Happiness.

4. *Let us look forward to the greater Fire, that shall burn down not only London, but all the Cities in England, all the Cities in the World, all the World itself.*

When all the Earth shall be one great Fire-ball, one universal Blaze, how intense must that Heat be ! how compleat the Destruction of every thing upon the face of the Earth, that we are now most apt to be fond of ! Estates, Lordships, Thrones, and Kingdoms, how will they melt away, and together with them the Hearts of those poor Creatures who have had nothing else to trust to ! A just Description of the Horror of this Conflagration, and of the pitiful Figure that the Wicked shall make at that Day, are equally impossible ; we have no Resemblances of a size any way proportionable : Cities in Flames, and burning Mountains, are little things to a whole Earth on fire ; as the Mark of *Ætna* upon a Map compar'd with the Mountain itself. All the Waters of the Rivers, Fountains, Lakes, and Seas shall not quench this Fire, no, nor could *Noah's* Flood do it ; the Waters

ters themselves shall be burnt up, and the Windows of Heaven, that before were open'd to pour down the Flood, shall themselves be all on fire ; *the Heavens being on fire, shall be dissolv'd, and the Element melt with fervent Heat.*

Philosophers have been inquisitive whence the Waters of the *Flood* came, and whence the Fire of the *future Conflagration* must come ; let them be curious, but modest : The Scripture-Philosophy assures us, that they both come from the same Treasury, the Infinite Power of GOD : *When He is angry the Earth trembles and quakes, the Springs of Water are seen, and the Foundations of the World are discover'd. At the Chiding of the Lord, and the blasting of the Breath of his Displeasure, there shall go a Fire before him, and burn up his Enemies on every side. His Lightning enlightned the World, the Earth saw, and trembled, the Hills melted like Wax at the Presence of the Lord, at the Presence of the Lord of the whole Earth. We are looking for, and hastening to the coming of the Day of the Lord, which shall come as a Thief in the Night, in which the Heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the Elements shall melt with fervent Heat : the Earth also, and all therein, shall be burnt up.* Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolv'd, what manner of Persons ought we to be in all *holy Conversation and Godliness !*

3 MR 62 F I N I S.

62